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W. R. HEARST.

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THE JOURNAL'S
SETTLED
POLICY.

Within the past year a new force has appeared on the side of good government in New York. It has been a simple matter hitherto for unfaithful servants to squander the resources and trample on the rights of the public. Complaints and denunciations in the press have been as idle as the breeze from a lady's fan. There has seemed to be no remedy. But suddenly the jobbers have discovered

that the control of a corrupt or careless or stupid board is not enough to carry through a scheme of plunder or oppression. Above the boards and councils and commissions stand the courts, and by the side of the courts stands the New Journalism, ready to touch the button that sets their ponderous machinery in motion.

When the Journal, by means of an injunction, blocked the scheme of the New York Aldermen to give away a gas franchise worth millions, its action was the result of no sudden whim. When it saved the people from the trolley slaughter pen on the Bridge, when it stopped the theft of miles of Brooklyn's streets for a perpetual trolley system, when it prevented the gift of \$5,000,000 worth of franchises to gas and electric light companies, it was pursuing a systematic policy. And that policy it intends to continue to the end. No doubt venal officials will find its proceedings monotonous. They will protest that a newspaper ought to stick to its sphere, and refrain from annoying the courts. They will cheerfully agree to endure any number of columns of solemn reprobation, after the fashion of the old journalism, if only the Journal will be satisfied to talk and not act.

But the Journal has adopted the policy of action deliberately, and it means to stick to it. It thinks it has discovered exactly the engine of which the dwellers in American cities stand in need. When it adopted the two mottoes, "While others talk the Journal acts," and "What is everybody's business is the Journal's business," it showed how the multitudes that are individually helpless against the rapacity of the few could be armed against their despoilers. With an Advocate of the People to keep a vigilant eye on the proceedings of public servants and bring them into court when they prove unfaithful, our judges will have a chance to show that they are ready to render justice to all comers, and the dying popular confidence in the bench will revive.

The Journal intends to be that advocate. We expect to see great results flow from this work. The immediate results are important in themselves, but the ultimate effects will be greater yet. Almost every flagrant sacrifice of the people's rights is illegal. Almost every such sacrifice can be prevented by the adoption of the proper means. When this prevention has become a settled rule, membership in legislative bodies in the metropolis will no longer be an object of desire to men in haste to be dishonestly rich. As these bodies lose their attractions for venal men, they will become more attractive to men of character. The whole standard of public life will be raised. That is what the Journal hopes eventually to accomplish by its persistent warfare against jobs. Meanwhile the immediate results of lives and public property saved are ample inducements to continue its work.

HELPING
THE
PARTY.

which public men of two different types attempt to promote the interests of their parties. One way—the way of small men—is to organize a mercenary army of place-holders. The other is to cultivate general popularity by giving the people a broad-minded, clean, progressive and efficient government. That is the sort of strengthening that the masses of the voters that supported Judge Van Wyck expect him to do.

The Democracy of New York is one of the most ancient political organizations in America. It is as old as the National Government itself, and it expects to have a long life before it yet. It will have many more campaigns, and therefore it has to consider every proposed act in the light of its effect upon the future. Suppose that when the time for the next municipal election approaches Mayor Van Wyck can point to clean streets in every borough; improved pavements, economically and honestly laid; ample school accommodations; the public rights in the city's thoroughfares protected; an efficient, courteous and honest police force, reduced taxation and an administration free from scandals, what will be the effect at the polls? Will it be as good for the Democracy as if the Mayor could point to a choice collection of war horses in office and nothing else to show for the money of the taxpayers?

The Mayor-elect understands that his obligations to his party are not only consistent, but inseparably bound up with his obligations to the public. What will help the public will help the party, and vice versa. It will take the best talent and the highest integrity to launch the metropolitan government of New York. Failure at this point would fatally handicap the Democracy hereafter. That there shall be no such failure is, we are sure, the intention of the Mayor-elect, as it is the hope of every honest Democrat.

THE
AUSTRIAN
CRAZY QUILT.

Hungarian monarchy is a new state, and it will have to be dealt with frankly as such, without the historical entanglements that have interfered with its national organization hitherto.

For hundreds of years the Austrian sovereigns were Holy Roman Emperors. It was in this capacity, not as rulers of their hereditary Austrian dominions, that they had their imperial title. As emperors their jurisdiction extended over all Germany. Austria was as much a part of Germany as Prussia was—more so, in fact. The Austrians were the Germans par excellence. During this time the Hapsburgs were gradually acquiring, by marriage, negotiation and conquest, a great family dominion, part of which was in the empire and part outside. As the idea of the independent rights of nationalities was unknown, anything in the way of territory was acceptable, regardless of the races that peopled it. The Hapsburgs gathered in regions inhabited by Germans, Czechs, Moravians, Slovaks, Serbs, Croats, Magyars, Roumanians, Poles, Ruthenians, Italians, Slovenians and a medley of minor tribes, all inextricably mixed together, although each had its particular strongholds, where it outnumbered the rest. The sovereigns were all Germans, and as they proceeded over a vast German empire, they naturally tried from time to time to Germanize these outlying dependencies, and then there was trouble.

When Napoleon extinguished the Holy Roman Empire, in 1806, the reigning Hapsburg assumed the title of Hereditary Emperor of Austria. He did not realize, however, that his new empire was not and could not be a nation, that it contained no predominant racial type, and that the Germans who were only a small minority of its population. Under Metternich the attempt was made to Germanize the Austrian dominions as if they formed a homogeneous nation. The revolutions in Hungary, Bohemia, Italy and Vienna the danger of trying to ignore the composite

RAPID TRANSIT
AND THE
DEBT LIMIT.

The constitutional debt limit of Greater New York, on the basis of this year's real estate valuations, is in round numbers \$240,000,000. After the 1st of January, when the county, city and town debts have all been merged into one total of bonded indebtedness, the net amount of that indebtedness will be in the neighborhood of \$220,000,000. This leaves an apparent margin of only about \$20,000,000.

But that is comparing next year's debt with this year's limit. There would be considerable increase in the valuations next year, supposing the basis of assessment to remain unchanged, but assessments should not only be made more uniform in the four counties of the enlarged city, but they should be raised much nearer the level of actual value. Heretofore they have ranged from 50 to 70 per cent of that actual value which the law says shall be the basis of assessment for taxation. Allowing a fair margin for fluctuations in the market value of real estate, there is still no doubt that the city of New York next year will be justly entitled to a debt limit of at least \$260,000,000. This is made a low limit by the fact that all county debts within the same area will be wiped out.

The apparent approach of the city debt to the constitutional limit, as a consequence of consolidation and the absorption of town and county debts, is used as an argument against carrying out the plan of rapid transit now before the Supreme Court on report of its Commissioners. But if the cost of the proposed underground system is to be \$30,000,000, and it will take five years to complete it, there is no danger of its trenching upon the safest limit of indebtedness. It is the most pressing of all public improvements, and it has the approval of an overwhelming popular vote. Besides, it will itself provide for the payment of the bonds issued for its construction, interest and principal.

The debt limit does not stand in the way of rapid transit.

WAR, FAMINE
AND
PESTILENCE.

cause there is not a state of war, and the historic butcher, General Weyler, declared that he was engaged only in suppressing bandits, an army of nearly 200,000 men has been wasting its energies and its life and exhausting the resources of the land in the last two years. While there have been few

fatalities in actual battle, more than 100,000 Spanish soldiers have been destroyed by hardship, hunger and disease.

While this army has been wasting itself in a hateful mission, its chief use has been to reduce the Cubans by famine and pestilence. Weyler's hideous policy of concentrating the people in towns under military subjection has had the double effect of stopping the production of the means of subsistence and of placing the wretched population in conditions where starvation and disease were inevitable. There are reports that this uncivilized proceeding has caused the death of 300,000 persons throughout the island of Cuba.

Not only has the army of Spain been slowly devoured by disease, exposure to a hostile climate and insufficient sustenance, but the people of Havana are suffering the horrors of famine and pestilence under the eyes of the Spanish authorities. Inspector Brunner, of our Marine Hospital Service, reports to Surgeon-General Wyman that the death rate in Havana is equivalent to 158 in 1,000 per annum, or seven times that of any American city. He estimates that there are 300 cases of yellow fever there, and declares that of 105 deaths credited to enteritis in one week more than half were due to starvation.

The inspector says with great pertinence that if this condition of affairs continues during the Winter and Spring it will "become a menace to the health of the United States." This affords another reason why our Government should interpose, for the protection of the lives of its own subjects as well as of their industrial and commercial interests. Spain's methods in trying to crush the Cubans into submission to a power that absorbs their life blood are as barbarous as those of Tamerlane, and we have the ghastly spectacle of war, famine and pestilence eating away the lives of the people and their oppressors alike.

General Blanco is trying the experiment of buying up the insurgents with offices. He probably derived the idea from the manner in which Mark Hanna captured the Southern delegates last year.

The anti-machine men don't take kindly to Premier Quigg's offer of autonomy.

By suppressing a newspaper which printed a cartoon he did not happen to admire the Kaiser will have the unqualified approval of Hon. Thomas F. Grady.

Considerable complaint is made on account of the waste of gas in the Indiana natural gas fields. However, the Indiana extravagance will pale into insignificance when the flow begins at Washington next Monday.

Governor Bradley has again been forced to recognize the belligerency of the Kentucky toll gate raiders.

The British troops are considerably embarrassed by the fact that the Afridis are armed with English rifles of the latest pattern. It is a testimonial to English genius that is proving expensive.

The reports from the duck hunting reservations cause no commotion at the White House. Mr. McKinley is directing all his efforts to the second term game.

THE ALDERMANIC CLEAN-UP.

Cleaning Prosperity. By giving away a big batch of franchises the Brooklyn Aldermen have simply clinched the arrival of prosperity—Washington Post.

Feeding Radicalism. The fact that the franchise was granted in perpetuity makes it a scandalous, corrupt job, disgraceful to all concerned. It is such attempts by wealthy corporations to secure excessive public privileges in opposition to public wishes and public interests, even through the corruption of municipal and State legislators, that is feeding the radicalism of the time and driving large bodies of our citizens to demand the utter extinction of private control of natural monopolies.—Springfield Republican.

Virtue Grand Stand Plays. The New York Board of Aldermen have jammed through a grant of six miles of streets in perpetuity to a street railway company, with no remuneration to the city. The Brooklyn grand stand has been enjoyed by the Supreme Court. The Philadelphia great municipal gas plant passed over to a private corporation at midnight, the Court refusing to act. All the talk about the beauties of municipal ownership and control of street railway franchises seems to have been grand stand plays.—Bridgeport Post.

Making the Best of a Good Thing. The Brooklyn Aldermen evidently intend to make the best of a good thing while it lasts. They have just given away franchises for fifty miles of streets to railroad, gas and electric companies, besides appropriating \$400,000 for repairing a reservoir and \$300,000 for asphaltizing Brooklyn streets, making a total debt of \$700,000, which the Greater New York will have to liquidate. There appears to be a field here for Mayor Wurster and his little veto.—Worcester Spy.

New Journalism's Latest Service. The latest development of New York Journalism is to obtain injunctions from the courts to stop diplopolar works voted by the Aldermen.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHAT IS A MUGWUMP?

An Indiscreet Mixer of Drinks. One who mixes the crystal water of morality with the fiery whiskey of politics, thereby spoiling both. Peckskill, N. Y. KARL M. SHERMAN.

Hard to Suit. A person having been affiliated with a certain political party, takes exception to its platform, or objects personally to a candidate nominated and declares in favor of another party. While assuming to be a broad minded independent voter, and in favor of "clean politics," etc., he is not necessarily philosophical enough to investigate or understand the conditions and incentives that breed corrupt measures and men, and not always sufficiently patriotic to cast his vote, influence and vote toward removing the causes that stirred him to protest upon general principles, but is satisfied to jump from ditch to ditch. W. M. W.

A Civil Service Reformer. A mugwump is one who believes that the "to the victor belongs the spoils" system of filling political positions is wrong, and lends his support as an independent to any candidate of any party who is against this system. He believes that all political positions, where it is possible, should be filled by applicants who have passed the Government civil service examination. A mugwump thinks he is better than the average party member from the fact that he lays claim to possessing a conscience. W. H. COSGROVE.

An Unscrupulous Reformer. A mugwump is one who professes or favors a political reform; is ingenious in devising and carrying out any scheme of personal or national aggrandizement, without regard to morality; is cunning, artful, sagacious, adapting the issue to the end, whether it be good or evil. The mugwump is a dissembler, simulating and assuming, concealing his real character or motives, and one whose principles are admitted without proof. JAMES LYNCH. Athol, Green County, N. Y.

A Friend of the Enemy. A mugwump is one who successfully pretends to belong to an organized political party, but is as much in sympathy with some other. He is a peacemaker in regard to the interests of the party to which he pretends to belong, except when he is a candidate for office or some of his immediate friends are running, from whom he expects some pecuniary benefit. He believes he has as many friends on the "other side" as he has in the party he tries to deceive, but because he inherited his father's name, he is a mugwump, or possibly because it is the only party in which he might secure an effective better, he must stay where he is. If ever he has any party feeling, it is only for his own interest. He thinks he is of considerable importance, and is usually successful. He does not look beyond the party, little, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. ALBANA P. DIBLER. No. 421 Warren street, Hudson, N. Y.

Alan Dale Reviews "Pousse Cafe,"
Weber & Fields's New Burlesque.

WEBER AND FIELDS, the little tin gods to whom the Tenderloin bow down unquestioningly, were "at home" last night in one of their ever-green "dramatic impossibilities" entitled "Pousse Cafe." The loungers were all there; callow American boys who don't bluster about being devilish filled the lobby; the boxes were crowded with people worthy of being chronicled as "among those present."

There is never very much doubt about a Weber and Fields evening. Long-haired critics can never make head or tail of it. Sometimes a writer, anxious to prove his superiority, says cynically that one show was not quite as laughable as its predecessor. The comment is quite unnecessary. A Weber and Fields audience begins to enjoy itself before the curtain goes up, and keeps up the enjoyment throughout the evening. The entertainment is a peculiar one. To the uninitiated it is generally rhythmless and reasonless—a field in which the agile Weber and Fields, the adropee Kelly and a few other comfortably established favorites can display themselves. I've never quite discovered why the critics are invited to the Broadway Music Hall. It must be because they took nice in the background.



The Chief Ingredients of "Pousse Cafe."

"Pousse Cafe" is something more pretentious than "The Glad Hand." I think I can venture that much criticism. Weber and Fields called in the assistance of Messrs. Edgar Smith and Louis D. Lange, and those gentlemen, I believe, wrote something. What they wrote will never be published in book form. It was lost in the billows of Teutonic repartee, through which Messrs. Weber and Fields splashed as Herr Weishagen and Herr Weishoppen, a "syndicate of angels, backing the inventor of La Poo-Poo, a mechanical doll." It was swamped by the abdominal individuality of Peter P. Daly as "a European buyer for New York vaudeville houses," and in the peculiar badinage of John T. Kelly, a "wealthy Irish-American."

All the fine forces of this Broadway anatomical academy were trotted out. A great many of the ladies appeared as Parisian Tenderloiners in saucy red tunics that looked as though they needed pulling down—or, perhaps, just a dash of fringe. Miss Rose Beaumont was cast for the part of La Poo-Poo, a melancholy reminder of the good thing that went wrong at Olympia. Mabel Fenton, as Lady Clorinda McCann, insisted that she was a lady of quantity—although the programme set it down as quality.

A brace of burlesques were turned on to give a raison d'être for the production. There was "The Wee Minister," with Charles J. Ross as Spavin Dishwasher, and Mabel Fenton as Lady Gabby. There was also "The Worst Born," with Lou Fields and Joseph Weber as a team of highland-

ers; Miss Fenton, as Looney Thing, a Chinatown belle, and the lovely lady with the pale Klondike tresses, Miss Sylvia Thorne, as "the worst born's ma." The scenes of the new concoction were cast in the Tenderloin of Paris, but Weber and Fields were not thwarted by a trifle like the boulevards. Perhaps a few of the French indisciplinements were scarcely understood by the habitués of the Broadway Music Hall, who prefer jests in their own pet slang to humorous misinterpretations of French. The indefatigable John Stromberg evolved the music that jangled through "Pousse Cafe." Mr. Stromberg seems to understand the requirements of the Weber and Fields, although his music is not of a very substantial order. Still, some of his musical quips are whistled occasionally, and they become public property before they have finished the run. The patrons of this music hall are very loyal. They view a burlesque diligently once a week, to see it sprout from a promising infant to a plethoric youngster. In that way the airs become popular.

In "Pousse Cafe," the ditties are known as "The Self-Made Man," which will probably develop a classic entitled "All That Sort of Rot," sung by Charles J. Ross, made up as Acton Davies; "The

Foreign Vandevillan," and the conventional sentimental ballad, entitled "I Love Thee, Olander!" I don't know why I worry myself about writing all this. It isn't of the least consequence, because if everything had been exactly vice-versa, the audience would have enjoyed it just the same. The music hall was filled with laughter of the most genuine quality. People who know that they are going to be amused make the most satisfactory audience in the world. I have never met these people anywhere but at Weber & Fields's, where you are permitted to wear tan shoes and still belong to the jennesse doree.

Then there is the feeling of familiarity with the performers that helps along the cause. Charles J. Ross is "Charlie," Mr. Fields is "Lou," and the redoubtable Mr. Weber simply and unceremoniously "Jo." There is not an ill-natured line in "Pousse Cafe." The follies of the Tenderloin are held up gently, yet undaintily, and the allusions to current attractions are of the kindest description.

Weber and Fields have not quite mastered the mystery of "burlesque." Their idea of burlesque is imitation. But even this doesn't matter very much, and it is doubtful if their patrons want burlesque of an elevated description.

The latest "dramatic impossibility" will be a success. I prefer it to "The Glad Hand"—although I feel that such a statement is somewhat critical, and when I went to the Broadway Music Hall I left my long hair at home.

ALAN DALE.

Meditations of a Monkey;
or, the Letters of Johanna.

WHEN the Greatest Show On Earth sailed for England two weeks ago, Johanna, the Greatest and Most Beautiful Monkey in the world, sailed with it. Before her departure, Johanna promised the Journal that she would send over letters from time to time recounting her experiences. This is the first letter. Johanna has illustrated it herself.

London, Nov. 29.—We arrived safely—except the giraffe, whose neck was broken in a storm. Poor Giry! He couldn't keep up that everlasting Blondin racket of balancing his head, the ship rolled so! I was awfully senkish, but they took good care of me.

Well, here we are in old England, and since you have been kind enough to ask me for my impressions, here goes!

England is auspicious, effete, and as far

"But d'ye think I'm any worse than the rest?" he asked.

"Oh, you're not so worse," I said, "but you ain't the hottest baby in the Desert!"

"Is it because I'm in the arctic?"

"Nt. I'm in the arctic myself. D'ye think me and the dog's monk are twins?"

"Ah, no," he said. "You're superior."

"Bertie," I said quite gently, "why don't you work?"

"Whom?" he asked.

"Tut!" I retorted. "Hustle! Dig! Push! Shovel! Do something besides drawing salary."

"Oh, I don't know!" he answered. "May I inquire what you're doing for a living these days?"

"Me?" I asked, quite indignant. "I'm one in a million! I'm elite, recherche, and one in a bunch!"



Johanna Chats with Wales.
(Drawn by Johanna.)

as the English are concerned the Theory is a fake! If I thought for a moment that they had descended from us, I'd die! It's too awful! The girls are very pretty, I mean they descended all right. But the men—the Londoners—O Lord! They must have descended from cows!

I don't refer to the aristocracy. I like the aristocracy. They look clean and intelligent, and at a stretch they might have descended from peanuts at me.

Had quite a chat with the Prince of Wales the day I got here. Rather fancy him. He's unique. Garner put him up to the lingo, and we had quite a chat.

"If you were a human being, Johanna," said to me, "you'd be one of us!"

"That being the case," I replied airily, "I'd rather stay monkey."

"Is that a joke or an upper cut?" he asked.

"It's on the low," I replied.

A market scene by Bayen, who lived during the last century, represents a young girl selling vegetables and fruits which have been selected chiefly with a view to their harmony of color with the figure and its surroundings. Senor Don Pedro de Madrazo, head of the Royal Academy of San Fernando, and generally acknowledged to be the best art critic in Spain, endorsed this picture and recommended its purchase by Mr. Taylor. Upon a formal examination and appreciation its genuineness and artistic merits have both been attested by the Spanish Academy. It is now more than 200 years since Jan David de Heem so deftly painted the small group of fruit and flowers that is one of the greatest charms of Mr. Taylor's unique collection. It is painted as minutely in all its details as the finest ivory miniature and is as fresh and brilliant in color as the day it was finished.

There are two small sketches by Velasquez and fourteen other highly interesting paintings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, many of which are of religious subjects.

The entire collection is one that will be greatly admired for its intrinsic merits as well as its historic interest, for most of the pictures show the old painters at their best and can be easily understood and appreciated by those who have any feeling whatever for art.

"Me too!" he chuckled. "That's where my graft comes in. Work? Anybody can work. But working the workers! Ah-h-h! That's where I'm the Johanna of my push."

That's what I like about that fellow. He's outspoken. He lies as well as I do.

"But," I retorted, "if the push had said that 'rinky-dink you and your ma and hire a Johanna like the French.'"

"The French," he sneered, "are monkeys!"

"Bertie," I replied, kindly, "you're a bum judge of monkey!"

"Johanna," he said sincerely, "what would you say if I told you that the happiness of my people is the only thing I live for?"

"Ah," I said, "I would say that you're a peach of a liar!"

To-morrow they're going to take me to the House of Lords. The lords want to see me. I'll be hanged if I want to see them. Yours,

JOHANNA.

Hannis Taylor's
"Old Masters."

THERE can now be seen at the art galleries of Mr. G. W. Carter, No. 233 Fifth Avenue, some of the best specimens of the work of the famous old masters to be found anywhere in this country. These pictures comprise in part the collection made by Mr. Hannis Taylor while Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the court of Spain.

During the four years that he represented this country at Madrid Mr. Taylor made good use of his opportunities and got together a group of paintings of which he is justly proud. The old Latin masters are represented by Murillo, Velasquez, Correggio, Tintoretto, Guido Reni, Bayen and others whose works are seldom seen here. There is also a Madonna and Child by Rubens, and a flower picture by the renowned Dutch painter, Jan David de Heem, who flourished in the seventeenth century, from 1600 to 1674.

While the authenticity of paintings by the old masters is sometimes doubted, there is no question as to the genuineness of these paintings, as Mr. Taylor not only knows the history of each, but he had the assistance, in making his selection, of such art experts as Senor Don Joaquin Sigüenza, a distinguished painter of the Royal Camara, and Senor Don Pedro de Madrazo, president of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, at Madrid, whose certificates, signed and sealed, are affixed to the backs of the several paintings which they officially inspected.

The Rubens is one metre sixteen centimetres by ninety-seven centimetres, and represents the Madonna with the infant Jesus in her lap and St. John by her side. A description made by Mr. Taylor says: "This picture was the property of Senor Gonzalez Bravo, the Prime Minister of Spain, near the close of the reign of Isabella II. He acquired the picture from the famous gallery of the Marquis of Salamanca. Senor Bravo gave it, as a Rakom, to his daughter, in his will, as such it was appraised after his death by the notable Spanish artist, Don German Amores; as such it was exhibited by his daughter in the art exhibition lately held at Madrid; and as such she sold it to me. This picture, the Correggio, and the Guido Reni, were given, the places of honor by the committee in charge of the exposition, who hung them in the same group with the great pictures from the royal palace."

"The Fortune Teller," by Correggio, is 1 metre 17 cent, high by 1 metre 69 cent, long. During the exhibition alluded to this picture attracted a great deal of interest, and its exceeding beauties were universally extolled. By many it was unhesitatingly pronounced to be as attractive as any of the works of this artist in the National Museum at Madrid, which is said to contain more old masters than any other gallery in the world. This exquisite picture does not really need the certificates of the experts which are affixed to the back to convince any one who sees it that it is the handiwork of a great master.

But the one picture that will probably command the most general admiration is the life-size painting of St. Bruno bearing the cross of penance. Aside from its artistic merits, this picture is invested with a human interest that excites intense sympathy and pity for the pallid and suffering enthusiast who bends so willingly, yet wearily, beneath his self-imposed burden. This great picture is from the celebrated collection of the Marquis of Salamanca, and is confidently endorsed by Senor Sigüenza after a most exhaustive and painstaking examination. He attributes it to Murillo's first epoch, but many experts consider this to have been the period of that artist's most enthusiastic and best work.

A Guido Reni, representing Lucrece in the act of stabbing herself with a dagger, is one of the pictures purchased by Mr. Taylor from the daughter of Senor Bravo, after its exhibition with the collection from the royal household. It is thoroughly well authenticated, and by many it has been admired as much as, if not indeed more than the Correggio.

The portrait of an Italian lady decked in the gorgeous but exceedingly uncomfortable looking costume of the beau monde of the sixteenth century is by Tintoretto, and came from the famous gallery of the Count of Altamira, who is said to have possessed the oldest and finest private collection of pictures ever seen in Madrid—second only, indeed, to that in the royal palace. There are in the Spanish National Museum two portraits identical in style with this, but smaller, and possessed of less dignity; yet both are highly prized.

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WEATHER

—Fair, station-

ary tempera-

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JOHANNA.